

Jethro Tull, The Chateau D' Isaster Tapes

a) Scenario

In long years of ancient time, stood alone a friend of mine.
Reflected by the ever-burning sigh of a god who happened by.
And in the dawn, there came the song of some sweet lady singing in his ear.
Your god has gone, and from now on, you'll have to learn to hate
the things you fear.

We want to know, are we inside the womb
of passion plays, and by righteousness consumed?
Or just in lush contentment of our souls?

And so began the age of man.
They left his body in the sand.
Their glasses raised to a god on high
who smiled upon them from the sky.
So take the stage. Spin down the ages. Loose the passion.
Spill the rage upon your son who holds the gun up to your head ---
the play's begun.

b) Audition

Then God, the director, smells a rat.
Pulls another rabbit from His hat.
Sniffs the air and He says, "Well, that's that --- I'm going."
The actors milling helplessly --- the script is blowing out to sea.
But what the hell, we didn't even pass an audition.
The lines you'll have to improvise. The words are written in
the eyes of politicians who despise their fathers.
And so the play necessitates that all you boys participate
in fierce competition to eliminate each other.

And groupies, on their way to war,
get to write the next film score.
But the rock and roll star knows his glory is really nothing.
Men of religion, on the make,
pledge an oath they undertake to
make you white for God's own sake, and none other.

While ladies get their bedding done
to win themselves a bouncing son ---
but bad girls do it for the fun of just being.
And me, I'm here to sing along,
and I'm not concerned with the righting wrongs,
just asking questions that belong without an answer.
The God is laughing up his sleeve
as He pours himself another cup of tea,
and He waves goodbye to you and me,
at least for now.

c) No Rehearsal

Did you learn your lines today? Well, there is no rehearsal.
The tickets have all been sold for tomorrow's matinee.
There's a telegram from the writer,
but there is no rehearsal.
The electrician has been told to make the spotlights brighter.
There's one seat in the circle --- five hundred million in the stalls.
Simply everyone will be there, but the safety curtain falls when
the bomb that's in the dressing room
blows the windows from their frames.
And the prompter in his corner is sorry that he came.

Did you learn your lines today? Well there is no rehearsal.

The interval will last until the ice-cream lady melts away.
The twelve piece orchestra are here, but there is no rehearsal.
The first violinist's hands are chilled --- he's gone deaf in both ears.
Well, the scenery is colourful, but the paint is so damn thin.
You see the wall behind is crumbling,
and the stage door is bricked-in.
But the audience keep arriving
'till they're standing in the wings.
And we take the final curtain call, and the ceiling crashes in.